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## ARISTOCRACY OF BRAINS COUNTS MOST IN NEW YORK "400," DECLARES A BACHELOR

NEW YORK, January 26.—Brains, not money, says Frederick Townsend Martin, New York's most popular bachelor, is the principal passport to the inner circles of Gotham society. As an illustration of the disdain with which the "400" look upon the mere accumulation of money and its vulgar display, Mr. Martin adds that an income of \$1200 a year is sufficient to maintain one who essays to move in the hallowed circles wherein all that is conceived to be socially desirable takes place. For some years Mr. Martin, who is the eldest son of the late Bradley Martin, has occupied here the same position with respect to society that the late Ward McAllister held a generation ago when Mrs. Astor was in her prime and determined the social status of all aspirants for fashionable recognition. He is in demand everywhere at all of the smartest functions held in town and is deferred to on all important occasions quite as much as Mr. McAllister. His statement concerning brains being the primary qualification for social success was provoked by the publication of a cablegram from London imputing to Mrs. Asquith, wife of the English premier, an assertion to the effect that extravagance was usually the finest passport to the highest society.

"Mrs. Asquith couldn't have said such a thing," said Mr. Martin yesterday. "It is a direct reversal of the truth. Instead of being a passport to society, extravagant spending is an indelible black mark against the spender. It is the line they used to write on the passports of French criminals discharged from the galleys. 'This man is dangerous.' The man or woman wantonly throwing away money unwillingly hangs a placard around his or her neck bearing just that sentence.

"Not cost, but taste," he continued. "That is the cry of society today. We have learned that beauty and pleasure do not depend on pocket-books but on plan.

"The people who are really the best people possess simple and refined tastes. When they see 'climbers' giving extravagant entertainments they are not attracted, but are repelled. They shrink from the loudness, the vulgarity, the splendor that is really discomfort. And they laugh.

"Neither are the dinners monuments of cooked money as they used to be a generation or so ago.

"Then frequently we sat at the table for two, sometimes even for three hours. During that interminable period the most expensive foods and wines were being sent around, and, of course, frequently sent away untouched. Digestion was limited, if dollars were not.

"Now, all that is changed. I assure you that money is simply not considered in the counting of social assets. On \$5000 a year, yes, on a quarter of that sum, a man or woman can afford the best society—provided he or she has brains to be welcomed there. That is what really counts—intelligence, taste, magnetism, personality, all the characteristics that the clever person possesses.

"But do you mean that a woman can go into society on the small income you mention?" I questioned. "A man can do many things with one dress suit, but a woman's gowns—"

"She need have only one gown for all functions," he asserted blandly. "If only she carries a wise head above it. When people are making up dinner parties they don't weigh their guests from the cash standpoint, but from that of charm. They want men and women who will make the occasion a felicitous one with their conversation—cheeks are not requested!"

For hissing four slanderous words into her ear as they were entering church together, Mrs. Naomi Duncombe Ring, who is accredited with having an estate worth a million or more, must pay Miss Grace Raymond, the pretty former secretary of her husband, \$4000 damages, awarded her by a jury this week. On a previous trial of the case another jury gave the plaintiff a verdict of \$2000 for each hateful word—\$8000 altogether—but the defendant managed to have it set aside on an allegation that she had since found letters supporting her accusation against the secretary. Mrs. Ring, who is 70 years old, started her friends in 1904 by marrying Ring, who was at that time a professional strong man. She made him manager of a theater which, she had inherited from her first husband. While he was engaged in that capacity she became convinced that he was taking too keen an interest in his secretary. The two women came face to face with each other one Sunday morning going to church. Mrs. Ring walked up to the secretary, caught her gently by the arm and hissed her opinion of her into the young woman's ear. Miss Raymond promptly began suit for damages. Friends of the aged woman say she became unduly jealous of her husband and his secretary without cause and made herself unnecessarily unhappy thereby.

It is to laugh. With the hope of cutting short the gay career of the merry benedict who stalks abroad on the open highway as an unlicensed son of single blessedness, a new cult known as the Cupid Wing club has asked that a bill be enacted by the legislature compelling all married men to wear wedding rings as marks of identification. Married women wear them, naively suggested the apostles of the cult; why not the men? Too many of the sterner sex they say are masquerading about making promiscuous love to every woman they meet, under the pretense or assumption of their victims that they are single. The proposition to tag these stray black sheep and make them amenable to regulation has awakened much heated and some amusing discussion about town as to the operation of such a law should it be enacted. Some of the local wags have pointedly directed attention to the fact that the Gotham jewellers report twice as many sales of wedding rings as there are marriages here, indicating that there is more truth than fiction in the suspicion that half the women who daily parade up and down Fifth Avenue and Broadway have never passed through Hymens wicket or stepped down the aisle to the tune of a wedding march. According to these iconoclasts it is a case of tit for tat, with the women fooling the men with rings that they have no right to wear and the men deceiving the ladies by omitting the use of rings that they should wear.

"If you are going to brand us before all the world as something to be shunned like a flea ridden dog or some other pestilential beast," exclaimed a sad hearted married man yesterday, "put the clamps on the women and stop them teasing the young men by pretending that they are married when they are not. Make it jail offenses for both and I am satisfied to abide the law."

Hoot mon! Ave nae sae sich foolishness about naething afore as about a weddin' ring.

Anent the oft advocated project for the production of grand opera in English on the same pretentious scale that it is given in French, Italian and German, Alessandro Bonci, the famous tenor, says this much cherished dream of the American people can never be realized until we develop on this side of the Atlantic native singers capable of singing the music. "It is incredible to me," he says, "that your ninety-odd millions of people should be without opera in the vernacular. In Italy, with half your population and infinitely less of your wealth, we have opera houses in almost every city of importance. Why should you remain dependent upon foreigners for your operas?"

"Ah, my friend, there is one great obstacle that deters you. Where at present may you look for singers? I know you have your David Blaphams and others who are artists in articulation as well as in voice, but in four years of observation, and listening to your singers I, a foreigner, have been appalled, driven almost to despair, by my ineffectual efforts to know what your singers in English were trying to proclaim.

"It is that you need a national conservatory to teach articulation as well as voice production. You have the voices—among the women especially—beautiful voices, but where is the training? You are all in a hurry. You study eight months—a long time, yes?—and then you expect to be all things—lyric, dramatic, emotional, great. Bah! For eight years I studied at the Rossini conservatory in Pesaro, the birthplace of the great composer, studied hard with no prospect of immediate gain. The teaching was free. You lack such institutions here. What are your immensely rich men, of whom there are more almost than 'n all the other countries in the world combined, doing that they should neglect to establish such schools?"

Proof of the striking preponderance of the foreign population in certain sections of this city is furnished in a report just made public by Walter Laidlaw, secretary of the Federation of Churches, which has recently been making a systematic canvass of the city to determine the number of church-going and nonchurch-going persons living on the Island of Manhattan. In 122 blocks visited, with a total population of 312,042, he found that 66.75 per cent were foreigners and but 34.25 per cent Americans.

In the densest populated of the blocks, in which 1444 persons were found herded together in the 122 blocks. These figures are illuminating in connection with the statement just given out by the government immigration authorities showing that 1,104,552 persons arrived in the port of New York during the year ending

December 31 last. Of this vast number 770,542 arrived in the steerage, the most of whom have elected to stay in the city and settle in the foreign quarters.

The Rev. Stedwell Applegate, rector of the fashionable Methodist Episcopal church at Asbury Park, who was a witness in a divorce case tried in the supreme court today, was reprimanded by Justice Blanchard. Mr. Applegate testified that he had been apprised a year ago that Edward Bennett, whom he married to Lena Wiggins in September, 1908, had another wife at the time, from whom he had never been divorced.

"And you didn't report that to the public prosecutor?" asked Justice Blanchard.

"No, sir," replied the minister. "I didn't think it any of my business."

"Well, doctor," went on Justice Blanchard, "don't you think it's about time you did report it? You owe it to your country, to yourself and your church."

Bennett married his first wife in 1889 and left her in 1902. When she learned from the Rev. Mr. Applegate that Bennett had married another woman, wife No. 1 started suit for divorce. She subpoenaed Mr. Applegate as her principal witness when the case was called today.

Bennett did not defend the action and Justice Blanchard reserved decision.

The Nemesis that has been following Howard Gould around in this and foreign countries for a number of years has roosted again, this time in my lady's jewel-casket. Messrs. Louis and Pierre Camille Carrier, jewelers of Paris, have sued Gould in the supreme court in New York, alleging that he owes them \$14,742.29 for jewelry that he purchased from them for his former wife, the frisky Katherine Clemmons Gould; also for repairing and resetting jewels belonging to her. Martin W. Littleton, acting as counsel for Gould, has obtained from Supreme Court Justice Goff an order by which Frank H. Mason, consul-general of the United States in Paris, is authorized to take the testimony of Gould in France. The suit has served to direct attention anew to the troubles of the Goulds who have been keeping the courts busy for several years.

Plans have been drawn for what will be the tallest office building in the world when completed. It will stand on the west side of Broadway, occupying the entire block between Barclay street and Park Place. It will be 750 feet high, or about fifty feet higher than the Metropolitan

tower, and nearly 150 feet taller than the Singer building.

The new skyscraper, which will only be exceeded in height in the world by the Eiffel Tower, 985 feet, will cost \$12,000,000 or more. The land, which has been acquired in the past year, has cost about \$5,000,000. The building will cover a total area of 39,500 square feet and there will be 13,000,000 cubic feet in the structure. It will be of the highest fire-proof construction, and in the revised plans.

Encouraged by the receipt of a cable from Peking to the effect that the amputation of the queue is now recognized as quite the thing, Chinatown has of late been keeping the local barbers busy removing the superfluous bursal appendage of its Oriental sons.

And now the queue-cutting tong has a good start in New York's Chinatown. Wun Lung fired the shot heard round the quarter. He hasn't established a precedent but he has sacrificed his queue and he will have to be introduced to his girl once more. For years the quarter boasted only one barber, and his operating room was up in the house with the five entrances, which burned down the other day. It was one of the show places of the town, and this slant-eyed barber sometimes drew his razor or its equivalent on the slant, much to the dignity of the operation. But there are a number of artists certified and approved and they are the busy boys in Chinatown. Every Chinese who has the price and a queue is waiting the call of "next" today.

Former Judge Ommen the other evening suggested a panacea for the many domestic ills that oppress us, by advocating more stringent marriage laws and less stringent divorce laws. Make marriage harder and divorce easier, he said in talking to the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, and there will be less trouble for the courts to adjudicate.

He would have a uniform divorce law and in it he would incorporate a half dozen causes for divorce, drunkenness and criminality being among them.

"The most vile creature, the habitual drunkard, the one afflicted with tuberculosis and the one who is mentally unbalanced, can freely enter into the married state," he said. "Penitentiaries, hospitals and asylums are crowded with persons who have inherited many of the difficulties from which they suffer.

"Our marriage laws are upside down," he went on. "The state encourages marriages, and it does this for the purpose of increasing population and the power of the state. But have we not reached the time when we should consider the quality of our population rather than the quantity? The divorce laws of this state are a disgrace. No one would permit a wife beater to enter his home, yet

this great state of New York refuses a divorce to the poor woman who has to put up with such a brute. I sometimes think that if Jesus were in one of our court rooms today and a poor woman, who had been joined to a wife beater or a drunkard, begged to be released from the hell into which she has unwittingly entered, the Saviour would not be so unmerciful as is the church."

"If man is the mighty affair he thinks he is, why should he be afraid of political competition by the women? If he's not such a mighty affair, then it's time he stepped down and gave the ladies a chance to show what they can do in politics."

There you have "Big Tim" Sullivan's opinion of women's suffrage. Sullivan is mayor of the Bowery and right arm of Tammany hall, whenever there are votes to be delivered. The famous senator from the Bowery has announced his intention of supporting the next women suffrage bill. But the issue of votes for women, however, new it may be, is an old story to Senator Sullivan.

"The anti-suffragists claim that women decide things with their hearts," it was suggested to Mr. Sullivan.

"You can give me the women with the heart every time," exclaimed the senator from the Bowery emphatically. "You can go to sleep on the way she is going to act. You can figure that if her heart is in the right place, her vote will be in the right place, too. And it's the same way with men. A man with a good heart and common sense is worth a dozen half-baked fellows even with a collegiate education. The Bowery found that out long ago. The Bowery has no use for a Webster. It knows that an alderman working for a fruit-stand ordinance is doing the Bowery more good than a statesman talking about the new nationalism or any other ism."

Scarred and bunged up like the tattooed man of Borneo, Lieutenant Walter Samhammer of the German army, arrived in town this week to conquer an American heiress if he can find one sufficiently susceptible to forget his disfigurements. The Lieutenant is a tall, soldierly looking man of rather distinguished manners. He bears evidence of his encounters and several scars on the right side of his face. He has been wounded also several times in the body. Five of his duels were fought while a student at Heidelberg university and the remainder during his first enlistment in the army, which he entered in 1902. Of his total number of combats he was victorious in five, lost two, and ended in the disablement of both principals. For eight years Lieutenant Samhammer has served in the German cavalry regiments organized in the Kaiser's army. He obtained three months' leave of absence for the purpose of making a tour of this country.

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